THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

VOL. 10. AUGUST, 1861. NO. 8.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY IN NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, CINCINNATI, AND NEW ORLEANS.

For The Child's Paper.

THE SIXPENNY CALICO.

One day a new scholar appeared in school, and as usual was the mark of public gaze. She was gentle and modest-looking, and never ventured to lift her eyes from her books. At recess, to the inquiries, "Who is she?" "What's her name?" nobody could satisfactorily answer. None of us ever saw or heard of her before. "I know she's not much," said one of the girls.

"Poorly off," said I. "Do you see her dress? Why, I believe it is nothing but a sixpenny calico."

"Poor thing, she must be cold." "I can't imagine how a person can wear calico in winter," said another, whose rich plaid was the admiration of the school. "I must say I like to see a person dressed according to the season," remarked another; "that is, if people can afford it," she added in a manner plainly enough indicating that *her* father could.

Such was recess talk. None of us went to take the stranger by the hand and welcome her as the companion of our studies and our play. We stood aloof, and stared at her with cold and unfeeling curiosity. The teacher called her Abby. When she first came to her place for recitation, she took a seat beside the rich plaid. The plaid drew haughtily away, as if the sixpenny calico might dim the beauty of its colors. A slight color flushed Abby's cheek, but her quiet remained the same. It was some time before she ventured on the playground, and then it was only to stand one side and look on, for we were slow in asking her to join us.

On one occasion we had a harder arithmetic lesson than usual, completely baffling our small brains. Upon comparing notes at recess, none of us had mastered it. "I'll ask Abby of her success," said one of my intimate associates. "It is quite unlikely she has," I replied; "do stay here; besides, what if she has?"

"I *will* go," she answered. Away she went, and as it appeared, Abby and she were the only members of the class ready for recitation. Abby had been more successful than the rest of us, and kindly helped my friend to scale the difficulties of the lesson.

"Shall we ask Abby to join the sleigh-ride?" asked one of the girls who was getting a subscription for a famous New-year's ride.

"Judging from her dress," I said, "if she goes, we must *give* her the ride." "But how will it do to leave her out?" they asked. "She does not of course expect to be asked to ride with us," I said; "she is evidently of a very poor family." As a sort of leader in school, my words were influential, and poor Abby was left out. How often did I compare my white hand and warm gloves with the purple fingers and cheap mittens of my neighbor Abby. How miserable I should be with such working hands and no gloves.

By and by I took to patronizing her. "She is really a very nice body, and ought to join us more in our plays," we said. So we used to gather round her desk at recess, and make her "one of us" in the playground. In fact, I began to thaw towards her very considerably. There was something in Abby which called out our respect. She was a fine scholar.

One Saturday afternoon, as I was looking out of the window, wishing for something to do, my mother asked me to join her in a little walk. On went my new cloak, warm furs, and pink hat, and in a trice I was ready. We went first to the stores, where I was very glad to be met by several acquaintances in my handsome winter rig. At last I found mother turning off into less frequented thoroughfares. "Where, mother," I asked, "in this vulgar part of the town?"

"Not vulgar, my dear," she said. "A very respectable and industrious part of our population live here." "Not fashionable, certainly," I added.

"And not vulgar because not fashionable, by any means," she said; for you may be sure my false and often foolish notions were not gained from her. She stopped before a humble-looking house, and entered the front door.

"Where are you going?" I asked with much curiosity. She gently opened a side door, and hesitated a moment on the threshold. "Caroline, come in," said a voice from within. "I am very happy to see you."

"Pray don't rise, dear," said my mother, going forward and affectionately kissing a sick lady who sat in a rocking chair. "You look better than when I saw you before. Do not exert yourself." I was introduced, and I fancied the invalid looked at me with a sort of admiring surprise as she took my hand and hoped I should prove worthy of such a mother. Then, while mother and she were talking, I sat down and took notes with my eyes of every thing in the room. It looked beautifully neat, and the furniture evidently had seen better days. By and by, mother asked for her daughter. "Gone out on some errands," said the sick lady. "The dear child is an inexpressible blessing to me," and tears filled her eyes.

"A mother might well be thankful for such a daughter. She is a pattern *my* child might safely imitate." I thought I should be exceedingly glad to see the person my mother was so willing I should copy.

"She will return soon," said the invalid. "She has gone to carry some work which she has contrived to do in her leisure moments. The self-sacrifice of the child is wonderful. She seems to desire nothing that other girls of her age generally want. A little while ago, an early friend who had found me out and befriended me as you have done," (tears came into the speaker's eyes,) "sent her a handsome winter dress. 'Oh, mother,' she said, 'this is too expensive for me, when you want some warm flannel so.' I told her it was just what she needed. A few days afterwards she went out and came home with a roll of flannel and a calico dress. 'See, mother,' she said, 'I shall enjoy this calico a hundred times more than the finest dress in the world, while you can have your flannel.' Excuse me from telling it, but you know a mother's heart. There is her step; she is coming."

The outer door opened. How I longed to see the comer. "A perfect angel," I thought, "so generous, so disinterested, so good; I should love her." The latch was lifted. A young girl entered, and my school-fellow Abby stood before me! I could have sunk into the earth for very shame. How wicked my pride! how false and foolish my judgments! Oh how mean did my fine winter dress appear before the plain *sixpenny calico!*

I was almost sure my mother had managed all this, for she had a way of making me see my faults, and making me desire to cure them, without ever saying much directly herself. This, however, had not come about by her intervention; God taught me by his providence.

As we walked home, my mother gave me an account of Mrs. G——, an early friend who made an imprudent marriage. But that story is no matter here. I will only add, my judgment of people was formed ever after according to a truer standard than the dress they wore, and that Abby and I became intimate friends. x.

For The Child's Paper.

THE TWO CUCUMBERS.

"Mother, don't you think it is strange, when God made the world, he made so much naughty in it?" asked Jemmy Taylor. "God didn't make the naughty," answered his mother. "Well, he *lets* it," said Jemmy. "What naughty are you thinking of?" asked his mother. "Why, all the boys tell fibs, and they swear so, and they call stealing, fun."

"I hope *you* don't," said his mother; "I hope *my* boy isn't so wicked." The tone frightened Jemmy; his face grew red. "I hope my boy isn't so wicked," she repeated. "I don't want to be," answered the little boy, humbly. He was sitting at the table where she was ironing, and where she put his bowl of bread and milk for his supper. But Jemmy did not feel very hungry. There was something on his mind; he wanted to tell what. He began to open the door of his heart: but it shut to. He had not courage to open it wide, lest his mother might n't understand just how things stood there. So, not a great while after, he trudged off to bed, carrying his little troubles with him.

What *was* the matter? There was a garden near the school-house full of fruit, and the boys had made a hole in a rotten board at the corner next the school-house, through which they used to squeeze and "hook" cucumbers, gooseberries, currants, and whatever they could lay their fingers on. "It 's wicked and it 's mean," Jemmy said. Some of the big boys got angry with him for it, and that day had chucked him through the hole, and made him rob for them. "Now," said they, "we 've got the whip-hand of you, old fellow. Dare say a word, and we 'll inform against you. You 're as bad as we."

Jemmy felt very much hurt about it. He was angry, and indignant too. Different thoughts came, and gave him their different advice. One said, "Pooh! what 's the use of troubling yourself about it? it 's nothing; boys must have their fun." Another said, "You are dreadful squeamish. You can't expect to get along without doing a great many wicked things; 'tis a wicked world." Another said, "Sleep it off; you wont mind it tomorrow." Conscience said, "Right is right, and wrong is wrong, little boy." And the Holy Spirit whispered, "How unkind for strong boys to pilfer the hard earnings of a poor old gardener. God's law is, love and help one another."

Jemmy had been very constant at Sabbath-school all winter, and the kind and faithful talk of his teacher had sunk deep in his soul. He felt he had a soul—a soul to be saved or lost—a soul to be the home of God, or the home of hard, wicked thoughts. Oh, he 'd a great deal rather have it the home of God. Jemmy therefore, when he went to bed, was in a worry. He wanted somebody to tell his mind to. He was afraid his mother would n't understand it, and would blame him more than he could bear just then. His teacher was a good way off; besides, Jemmy was rather shy. Jemmy cried, he felt so *alone*. He wet his pillow with his tears, just as a great many older people have done under similar circumstances since the world began.

"Oh," sobbed the little fellow, "Oh, Saviour, wont *you* help me? You were once a boy, and know how I feel. Wont you help me? You died on the cross to save us. Wont you please save me from being wicked? Please make me forgiving and strong, and forgive me my sins." This was the substance of Jemmy's prayer. It was all he could do, leave the matter with his Saviour; and I am sure it was the *best* thing, for the Lord Jesus *knows* us perfectly, therefore he can understand our case perfectly; and he is "mighty" to save also; a very present help in time of need.

The next morning, when Jemmy awoke, he thought of a five-cent piece he had, *his own*, and he determined to pay the old gardener with it for the two cucumbers he took from his vines the day before. On his way to school, he met the old man wheeling a barrow full of vegetables to market. "Sir," said Jemmy, stopping, "here is five cents to pay for two cucumbers I took from your vines. I'm very sorry I took 'em;" and before the old gardener quite made out what it all meant, Jemmy was off.

"Jemmy," said his mother that night, "what a happy whistle you 've got." "Have I?" said Jemmy. "Is n't it too loud? do n't it disturb you, mother?" "Oh no," answered mother; "it sounds good." And when Jemmy went to bed, though it was a dark night, with a storm brewing in the sky, every thing looked beautiful and shining in his little room. There seemed to be a Presence in his little chamber—a holy and comforting Presence, and it seemed to fill his soul and his room, and reach away off up to heaven.

"O God my Saviour," prayed the little boy, "I thank you; I praise thee. Forgive me more and more; help me every day and hour and minute to be a good boy. I want to be; I love to be. Amen."

When his mother passed through his room two hours later, there was such a happy smile on his sleeping face, that she said to herself, "Jemmy looks as if he was dreaming of the angels."

Children have their trials, their conflicts. Right and wrong, grace and sin sometimes have sharp fights in their little bosoms; and nobody, dear children, can give you the help you need, the grace to overcome sin and make the *right victorious*, but Christ your almighty Saviour, your best Friend. And when your feelings are wounded and your hearts are torn in the conflict, he can fill, and he *will* fill your bosoms with his sweet peace, that makes you forget it all. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE GREAT COMMANDER.

Boys, do you want to enlist? Should you like to be a soldier? But first count the cost. Soldiers, at best, have hard times of it. They leave father and mother, brothers and sisters, wives and children. They are exposed to all sorts of weather, hot or cold, wet or dry. They can't choose their times or seasons. They have hard fare. Often they have short rations, sleep on the damp ground, or have no sleep at all. They are liable to be blown up by bomb-shells, or have their limbs shot off by cannon-balls, or fall by the bayonet. Thirty men once offered their services to a captain. "If you enlist under me, half of you will be dead men before thirty days," said he. "Aye, aye, sir," answered the men; for brave men never flinch at danger. War, with all its great evils, has called out shining virtues. Nothing demands greater sacrifice. The mother gives her boy, rich men part with their money, and thousands give themselves. Nor is it done for "the pay." A soldier's pay is poor pay, only a few dollars a month, not half the wages of a farm-hand; but it is willingly, cheerfully met and undergone at the call of duty.

The *children* are called for. Will you not enlist? "Are we called to fight?" Yes. There is a Commander who invites, nay, who is urgent for the children to join him in his march. He has a soldier's suit for you. It is not red and gold, like our regiment, or brass and iron, like the old Romans; but it is a glorious fit. And a sword too. You shall be fully armed and equipped, depend upon that. Come, come; duty calls you. You will have to fight; there is no dodging it; but it will be a "good fight." And perhaps I ought to say, to comfort you, that the Captain *never lost a man who obeyed orders*. Washington could not say that. Much as he felt for his poor soldiers, he could not save them from a soldier's fate. Napoleon left his thousands on every battle-field. But the Captain who would recruit his ranks from the children, can with strict truth say, "Of them which thou gavest me *I have lost none.*" Think of that. What other commander could ever say it? Yet mind this, *you must obey orders*. But can he make his *words good?* Yes. "All his commandments are sure; *they stand fast for ever and ever;* they are done in truth."

Who is this great Captain? What is his name? Jesus Christ. Satan is your bitter enemy, determined to seize you. He goes about like a "roaring lion." "The fiery darts of the wicked" are pointed at you, while the traitor Sin is at the very door of your heart. God pitied you. He sent his Son, his well-beloved Son, to save you. "Behold," says God, "I have given him for a leader and commander to the people." "Seek ye him while he may be found; call upon him while he is near."

Jesus Christ came. He suffered for us; he died for us on the cross; but he now lives and reigns, and has set up his standard, which is called the "Standard of the Cross." Have you seen his proclamation? This is a part of it: "Ho, every one; incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." Will you not serve? Here is your soldier's suit: the "breastplate of righteousness and the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation and the sword of

the Spirit, which is the word of God." Put this on and you are armed for the fight—a fight not with "flesh and blood," but against sin and Satan—a fight for Christ's glorious kingdom within and without you, worth braving and daring every thing for. It is well called "the good fight."

Sometimes you find the soldiers of Christ looking quite poor, and proud people say they have poor pay. Ah, they don't know. Besides their daily rations from a treasury always full—for the silver and the gold and the cattle on a thousand hills belong to Christ—every faithful soldier has a final reward. What? "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," says the Commander to every one who enlists. Every little child even shall *wear a crown*. Nobody but kings and queens wear crowns upon earth. They are very costly and very splendid. Millions of dollars and millions of lives have been spent to win and wear a crown. Yet Christ promises one to every faithful soldier—a "crown of life"—something very, very precious laid up in heaven. Come, dear child, come to Christ; come and enlist a soldier of the cross. The martial music of this host runs thus:

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

"SOMEBODY'S GRANDPA."

"Oh," cried Emma Rich, out of breath with running to catch up with Julia Kent, "there 's an old man coming down Truman-street, and he walks so queer; the boys are pestering him, and it frightened me awfully." Julia looked round, yet saw nobody but Emma at her side, pale and trembling. "How did he look?" asked Julia. "Awfully," said Emma, who saw him through her fears, and fears, you know, often give quite a wrong impression. Julia looked again, and then caught sight of an old man staggering round the corner, with a pack of rude boys behind him. "Let 's run away," cried Emma.

Instead of that, Julia stopped. "I should think those boys would be ashamed to treat an old man so," she said, her cheeks glowing. "He 's *somebody's grandpa*." "Oh, I am so scared," cried Emma again.

"Scared!" cried Julia, indignantly; "then run." Julia went back. "Boys," she said boldly, "I think you ought to be ashamed to treat a poor old man so. Should you like it, if 't was your grandpa?" "Who are you?" cried the rude boys, and they began to sneer at her. "You may laugh as much as you please," said Julia; "I do n't mind it."

"I hear a friendly voice," said the old man, "but I 'm blind; I cannot see where it comes from." "It is I," answered the child, going up to him, "and I will lead you home if you 'll like me to. May-be you lost your way, sir. It must be so hard not to see." "Yes, dear child," said the old blind man; "I 'm a stranger here. I 'm visiting my daughter, who lives in —— street. I just stepped out to sun and air myself, and somehow missed my way. The boys think I 'm in liquor, for I can't walk with young legs. How came you to befriend me, dear child?" "Oh, sir," said Julia, "I thought you must be somebody's grandpa, and I could not bear to see you treated so. I will lead you home, sir." "God bless you, dear child," said the old man.

As soon as Julia took him in charge, the rude boys sneaked off, showing that the brave stand of even a little girl for the right confounds and puts to flight the wicked. Kindly and carefully she helped him down unexpected steps, and round sharp corners, and by the dogs and the people in the streets, the old man thankful for a little child to lead him, and Julia very pleased to do it, for Julia had been taught to respect and care for the aged. Her grandpa had lived in her father's family, and she knew old feet needed young, active steps to go for them; old eyes wanted young, bright eyes to see for them; and old hands, which had done the hard work of other days, must now have young, strong hands to help them.

So in every old man, no matter how poor or how pitiful he was, she saw "somebody's grandpa," who ought to have the respectful behavior, the kind attentions, and the affectionate treatment which made *her* grandpa so happy while he lived, and which made grandpa's memory so sweet to his little grandchildren.

For The Child's Paper.

THE NEW CHUM.

When I was sixteen, said a gentleman, I was sent to —— academy. At the boarding-house, I was put into a large room with lodgings for four boys. Two were already there. We spent the first evening in little study and much talk. They were droll fellows, and amused me highly.

At bed-time, the habit of reading God's word before going to bed knocked at my memory. Did *they?* I saw nothing that looked like it. Should *I* then? *Could* I? I tried to outsit them, and unpack my Bible after they were asleep; but that was out of the question. I went to my trunk to take it out, and came back without it. I went again, fumbled over the things, then got up and looked out of the window. What would they say to see me reading the Bible? Would they not laugh? Should I not see ridicule twinkling in their eye, even if they said nothing.

On the other hand, could I forget my mother's words when she packed my Bible? Could I so easily abandon a habit formed from earliest boyhood? Forget! No, I did not forget; but I was afraid—ashamed; ashamed of my God, my Saviour, and his word; afraid of the new public opinions around me. "I 'm too sleepy to-night," I thought, and undressing quickly, tumbled into bed.

Morning found me in ill-humor. Dissatified with myself for the last night's omission, and angry at having to suffer the same fight with conscience over again, I wished the other fellows would get up and be off. As soon as they awoke, the same joking began, and kept up all the time of dressing. "When you are among the Romans, do as the Romans do," I said, hoping that would quiet conscience. But conscience rejoined, Peter tried that once, and it served him right.

So it passed on till the Sabbath, my Bible in my trunk, unopened, unread, and no family reading and family altar to supply the deficiency; Sabbath brought me no closer to the neglected duty. I once went to the trunk determined to take my stand at all odds, but was so agitated, that one of the boys seeing it, cried out, "Hold! What 's the matter? Your hand 's got the shakes." Tears started in my eyes. I made some light answer, and taking my cap, hastily left the room.

On Monday the fourth boy arrived, who was to sleep with me. We had speculated a good deal about him, and hoped he 'd prove the "right sort." What a little fellow he was; yet he was but a year younger than myself. I, however, was overgrown. "Langdon." A good name. Easy too in his ways; not too free, or Nick Doty would have snubbed him. After supper we went in swimming, and a capital swimmer he was. We all studied pretty well that evening. At nine o'clock, Langdon emptied his pockets of chestnuts, and we cracked some hard jokes over them.

At length Langdon went to his trunk, and taking out a book, he fetched it to the study-table. Nick eyed it curiously. "This is my Bible," said Langdon. "I always read in it before going to bed. I do n't know as you have been brought up as I have. My parents are religious, and my father told me never for a single day to omit reading my Bible."

"I 've got a Bible in my trunk," said Nick, starting for it. "So have I," said the other boy. "I have," echoed I, blushing at my dough-facedness. I would have given any thing to have been in Langdon's shoes then. How I admired and respected his moral pluck. We all brought our Bibles, and Nick, who never lost the chance of a story, began one about Noah, I forgot what, only we all laughed, all but Langdon.

"Well, boys," he said, with a quiet seriousness, "as this is God's word, let us read a chapter, and suppose we all read round." "I 'm certain my folks would like it," said Nick; and so we began Bible reading in our room, which did not fail of producing marked effects. The room, from having had a doubtful reputation, became one of the best-ordered among the students. The habit of seriously reading God's word every day gradually bred a thoughtful, reverent spirit among us, checking overmuch levity, and strengthening the good habits which we brought from home.

As for me, it taught me a lesson of the folly of indecision never to be forgotten. Let every young person, on first leaving home, *promptly* discharge the first and most obvious duties enjoined by his Christian education, and a thousand young men would *stand* where now a thousand fall, and fall to rise no more. Many wonder that the children of pious parents often go so far astray. It *is* no wonder. A well-instructed and sensitive conscience needs careful handling. Like fine steel, its delicate edge is easily blunted. Disregard its warnings, dodge its convictions, and its voice is soon hushed. Restraint once removed, and one goes from better to worse, a down-hill path, with ever-increasing speed. Safety alone lies in *promvt* and *faithful obedience* to its dictates.

A poor Hindoo boy followed a missionary round, begging him to make him a Christian. "It is impossible, my dear boy," said Dr. Boaz; "I have no power to do it. If it is possible, it is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ, to make you a Christian. Pray to him." The boy went off, and after a while he came back and said, with a voice so soft and happy that the missionary never forgot its tones, "The Lord Jesus Christ has come and taken his place in my heart." "How is that?" asked the missionary. "I prayed," said the poor boy, "I prayed, and said, O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian; and he was so kind that he came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since." How simple and affecting is this. And will not Christ hear and answer this prayer if offered by you, my dear child? Many of you, I am sure, *want* to be his.

"Boys, which is the *right* side of a public-house for you?" asked a gentleman at a large meeting of children in Hull.

"The *outside*, sir," a thousand voices answered at once.

WHERE KITTY CAME FROM.

Listen to me, Jip, I pray ;
Let me tell you how one day
I was joyfully at play,
When I heard a kitten mew.
That little kitten, Jip, was you.
There, before the school-house door,
At nine o'clock, or just before,
Many of us ran to see
What the mournful mew could be.
Lo, before us kittens three,
Little kittens, all alone,
Making a most dismal moan.
Where had the kittens' mother gone?
That's a mystery yet unknown.
Then, Jip, I took you in my arms,
And tried to still your rude alarms;
Mary Abby chose your brother,
Little Tommy caught the other.
Home we took the kittens three,
Fearing our mothers might not be
Pleased the little things to see.
In my apron white and fair
Fast asleep you folded were,
And thus I took you to mamma.
She did not send you from her sight,
But praised your lovely black and white,
Caressed and kindly petted you,
Which you acknowledged with a "mew."
Now many weeks have gone away,
Dear Jip, since that eventful day,
And you have grown to quite a kitty,
A skilful mouser, very pretty;
So loving, and so cunning too,
I bless the day I heard you mew. K. P. G.

SABBATH AT HOME.

Sweet Sabbath bells, I love your voice;
You call me to the house of prayer:
Oft have you made my heart rejoice
When I have gone to worship there.

But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids; I cannot go;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured,
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

His sanctuary is the heart;
There with the contrite will he rest.
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make thy temple in my breast.

For The Child's Paper.

THE SUMMER-HOUSE PRAYER-MEETING.

Like attracts like. A sheep never goes with a wolf or a dog, but always with the flock. When the sky looks dark, and a thunder-cloud is rising, the shepherds say you will see the sheep and lambs flocking down from the hills, and all meeting together in some sheltered valley. They delight to keep with each other. So it is with the flock of Jesus. Christian loves Christian. They love to pray together, to sing together, to labor together. The same sweet tie binds heart to heart—love to the Redeemer, who loved and gave himself for them.

One summer's day we visited a friend who had a large summer-house in her garden. It was covered with woodbine, and had seats in it. In the afternoon, strains of song seemed to float on the still air from that direction. "That is not the birds. What is it?" we asked, listening.

"It comes from Lizzie's prayer-meeting, which meets in the summer-house now," Lizzie's mother told us. Lizzie's prayer-meeting was the meeting of ten little children, seven girls, and the rest their little brothers. They repeated verses from the Bible, asked each other's forgiveness if they had done wrong, sang devout hymns, and prayed and praised God together. "And I think they are all striving to follow Jesus," said Lizzie's mother. "They are growing more sweet-tempered, patient, and forbearing. We cannot help feeling that they have a new love in their little hearts."

It is this new love, God's love, which makes the "new heart" spoken of in the Bible. "They love dearly to be together," said Lizzie's mother. "They used to be quarrelsome, but now they are as peaceable as lambs."

There were many things in that beautiful garden which God saw and loved—the little bean-vines climbing up from the earth, ripe rosy cherries hanging on the boughs, lovely roses sweetening the air, busy bees gathering their winter stores, and tiny birds humming among the flowers; but nothing, I think, was dearer to the heart of God, or more beautiful in his sight, than that little prayer-meeting in the summer-house, for here were the shoots of eternal life, the precious fruit of the Holy Spirit.

For The Child's Paper.

A FAT mother hen was one day strutting on the green, with her chickens running merrily about her, pecking and peeping, as happy as any happy family could well be. Suddenly she caught sight of a dark spot in the sky. What a cry of terror came from her little throat. How the frightened chicks rushed in an instant under her wings. How bristling and fierce the old hen looked. What was the matter? Ah, it was a hawk in the air, out getting his breakfast, and ready to dive at some unwary chicken. But every chick is safe and snug under its mother's wings. The hungry hawk was loath to go. "I will die before you shall seize one of my little ones," the old hen seemed to say in every feather of her body and every look of her eye. The hawk soon saw it was no use, and in a few moments flew away. She then gave a note of joy and triumph, and out hopped the chickens from their secure hiding-place; some hesitating, as if not quite over their fright; others, more bold, stepping confidently off. Ah, they knew those warm and friendly wings were ready at a moment's notice to shelter them again.

Do you remember what the Lord Jesus once said to Jerusalem in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew? He loved Jerusalem. He knew that enemies wanted to destroy it. He desired to save it. But no; the people would not mind his warning cries, and one morning as he stood looking at the city, he said, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee, as *a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.*"

The blessed Saviour, you see, is a refuge from harm. He is a sure refuge, an instant refuge, a warm refuge, a loving refuge. He cares for the "little ones," for he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Under the refuge of Jesus, we shall be safe from the attacks of sin and of Satan, that like hungry birds of prey, are always ready to pounce upon us.

"I HAVE been naughty all day," said a little boy, "because I lost my mother's kiss in the morning."

THE French Emperor, finding that those students in the colleges of France *who smoke* are decidedly *inferior* in their studies to those who don't smoke, has prohibited this bad habit in the colleges. It is said he put out thirty thousand pipes in one day!

I wish we had an emperor to put out smoking among all the boys of our street. You scarcely see one without a cigar. Wont the emperor Good Sense do it?

A LITTLE boy running along, stubbed his toe and fell on the pavement.

"Never mind, my little fellow," said the by-stander, "you wont feel the pain to-morrow."

"Then," answered the little boy, "I wont cry to-morrow."

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